

CHARIVARIA.

FROM *The Daily Telegraph's* summary of the world's news, containing notes of disaster, unrest and upheavals, we cull the following item:—"The Chink in the Armour, our serial story, is continued on page 7."

No sooner had we mastered the geographical position of Agadir and learnt all those facts which a young man ought to know about Morocco, than Italy starts operations on Tripoli. So now we shall have to begin all over again; but, mind, this is the last time. If any other European State starts business in these out-of-the-way spots, it will be without recognition on our part.

There is one note of relief to the prevalent disputes, internal and international. *The Westminster Gazette* has publicly forgiven Tariff Reformers for their jubilation over the issue of the Canadian elections.

That autumn has officially begun is apparent from the fact that those persons who, for reasons best known to themselves take a daily cold bath, are now resuming their virtuous airs.

The pursuit of the boojum, the mysterious animal at random in Sussex, is being maintained with great activity. In spite of the optimism of *The Daily Mail*, grave fears are entertained that the boojum may turn out not to be a snark after all.

Ulster, in the worst event, is going to demand a separate government for herself. Rather than put up with Home Rule, she would adopt home rule.

When one read the other day that the naval airship was inflated, one knew at once that this was the pride that comes before a fall.

The millionaire who left the *Olympic* in such a hurry and at once chartered a special to catch another at Liverpool, makes much of his race against time. It is like these millionaires to imagine that Time varies his ordinary pace just to compete with them.

A foreign woman, having cause, some time ago, to appear before the Liverpool magistrates, was forbidden by an expulsion order to set foot in England again. Having done so in spite of the

prohibition, she has now been ordered to be detained in an English gaol for three months. This is, of course, the homeopathic treatment.

In *The Daily Mail* we read: "On the Severn, at Kempsey, 300 anglers fished for *The Daily Mirror* cup and medals." Whether they caught them or not, nobody can say that this kind of sport is really brutal.

M. QUENISSET, at Juvisy, and Mr. F. G. BROWN, at Lee, have simultaneously discovered a new comet. The fairest method of division will

a duke. It now remains for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to speak in return a kind word for the dukes.

Sir G. R. ASKWITH has been invited to go to Abergeldie Castle, the seat of Lord CARRINGTON. We hope that he will settle the dispute, whatever it is.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has threatened England that, if she refuses to have his Insurance Bill, she shall be made to go without. It is a little difficult to know what to say next.

A doctor's generalization that all stepmothers are cruel has caused an outburst of public feeling. The Rev. J. CARTMELL-ROBINSON has saved the situation and brought it within the legitimate sphere of humour by a timely reference to mothers-in-law.

Meanwhile it has transpired that stepmothers are of the unanimous opinion that stepmothers are not cruel. They certainly ought to know.

Real geese are to appear at Covent Garden in HUMPERDINCK'S new opera, *Königskinder*. Since their celebrated performance on the Roman Capitol, they have been, theatrically speaking, "resting."

"Is sunstroke an accident?" was the question raised the other day at a County Court. Of course. Is it to be supposed that the sun (who is a gentleman) would strike a man from behind on purpose?

Mr. DENMAN has commented, at Marylebone Police-court, on the absurd demand by women for separation orders, one of them having alleged so trivial an excuse as that she had been married to the wrong man by mistake.

As the demand for alcoholic liquor diminishes, the thirst for information increases. Three men have been charged at Liverpool with stealing 700 dozen newspapers.

Now that we have 13.5 guns capable of smashing windows several miles distant by concussion we must modify an old proverb. People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

Cause and Effect?

"JOHNSON RETIRES.

TURKEY'S ANSWER."

"Daily Mail" Poster.



FORCE OF HABIT.
THE RESULT OF TOO LONG A HOLIDAY.

be for the former to split it into halves, and for the latter to have first choice.

"Many an inquisitive telescope will be raised to the heavens during the next few days to look at it," says a provincial newspaper. Still, the best way (even if old-fashioned) of satisfying curiosity would be to look for the object by night.

Mr. JOHN REDMOND, having entertained the Eighty Club at Dublin, is to be the guest of the Ninety-Five Club at Manchester, thus showing an improvement of 18.75 per cent.

Mr. FAY has generously informed the Railway Commission that personally he would as soon shake hands with a Trades Union official as with

A MAN OF PEACE.

[The General Manager of the North-Eastern, giving evidence before the Railway Commission, expressed a wish that they could have a revised vocabulary for strikes.]

I SAW his eyeballs rolling red;
I saw his savage teeth;
I also noticed on his head
A simple olive wreath.

"Good labouring man, I see you wear
The sign of Peace," said I;
"How comes it, then, you have an air
So warlike? Tell me why."

"I has my orders straight," said he,
"To teach this blackleg lot
They'd better strike in sympathy,
Or else they gets it hot."

"If I correctly grasp your phrase,
You are," I said, "at fault
Thus to convert them from their ways
By violent assault."

"Not vi'lence, guv'nor—no, not that;
We just puts in our spoke
Talking persuasive" (here he spat)
"Like brothers, bloke to bloke."

"And, if they don't agree, why then
We takes a firmer line,
And, ten to one, all loyal men,
Hustles the dirty swine."

"We hunts 'em home with jeers and
hoots,
We scares their kids and wives,
We makes 'em shake inside their boots
For terror of their lives."

"If private freedom you invade
And to persuasion add
Intimidation's dreadful aid,
What means this wreath, my lad?"

"Such rude behaviour makes," I said,
"The wonder still increase
Why you should wear upon your head
The holy sign of Peace?"

"What do I wear this green stuff for?"
Replied that labouring man;
"To show I'm not a man o' war
Nor yet no hooligan."

"Don't fret yourself for me, old sport,
The coppers' hands is tied;
"We got the Government's support;
We got the Law our side."

"How is it done? We keeps a tame
Vocabulary, and there
They knows me by the blessed name
Of 'Peaceful Picketer.'" O. S.

Extract from a speech by the President of California University:—

"There is an ancient rule of health which runs in this fashion: 'Rise early, before you are twenty-five, if possible.'"

People who stay in bed till they are twenty-six never look really healthy.

THE LAIRD AND THE MEENISTER.

(After "Tay Pay.")

OF all the stately houses at which it has been my lot to be an honoured guest none has impressed me so strongly with its hospitable culture as Skibo Castle. From the first notice at the entry to the domain, "This wa tu the goff linx," the keynote of culture is struck.

But when I entered the stately dining hall, a little while ago, and beheld twelve stalwart pipers playing beneath a motto, "Peas and Good Will," whilst my host and the kilted CHANCELLOR danced a gay reel before dinner I felt that this was one of the greatest days of my life.

I can but Boswellise such fragments of conversation as I caught during the meal at the moments when the pipers stopped from exhaustion.

"Although, of course, of pure Welsh blood, I was actually born in Manchester," said the CHANCELLOR. ("Order Manchester five Free Libraries," said Mr. CARNEGIE to the Library Secretary, who always stands behind him at a meal.) "But I owe everything to the inspiration of the wonderful Welsh hills near Crickieth." ("See if Crickieth has had a Library. If not, why not?" murmured the Laird.) "Had it not been for Crickieth there might have been no Limehouse." ("Limehouse, one. Make a note of it," said Mr. CARNEGIE.) "From a child the tyranny of the landed proprietors sank deeply into my soul; now they talk about my tyranny—"

"Just their lack of culture," interrupted Mr. CARNEGIE. "If they'd had a Library in the neighbourhood they'd have been reading my 'Triumphant Democracy,' a work without which no Library is complete."

"Now if you could use your influence to introduce phonetic spelling into Wales—"

"My dear Sir," exclaimed the CHANCELLOR with sparkling eyes, "Welsh is the only language which is spelt precisely as it is pronounced."

"Make a note," said Mr. CARNEGIE to his secretary, "to provide a National Welsh Library at Aberystwith."

"My idea about the settlement of Labour disputes is the intervention of a man of supreme tact at the critical moment."

"No, Sir," said the millionaire, "you should take a hint from Pittsburg, where I made my pile. Surround your works with barbed wire fencing; charter an armed force of PINKERTON'S de-

tectives; put up a notice, 'We shall shute if yu kum,' so that the strikers will readily comprehend it; provide a Free Library for the defenders, and there you are."

"But, my dear Laird, what about the votes?"

"You see," said the CHANCELLOR, "you pay fourpence a week and get nine pennyworth of benefit. The sick get attention, the unemployed relief, the doctors get more pay, the employers get better labour."

"Why, your Bill is almost as great a blessing as a Protective Tariff."

"And yet," sighed the CHANCELLOR, "people are discontented with it."

"Just the same with a Protective Tariff. But dear rails in the States mean cheap Libraries here."

"The bravest deed I ever heard of!" said the CHANCELLOR meditatively. "It was during the recent strike. We felt strongly that the ordinary routine of civilization must go on. Unless the Post-Office could be kept in operation there would be serious difficulty and delay in the collection of the taxes. So with calm courage my colleague, SAMUEL, faced the Dictator and demanded passes for the mails."

"Splendid!" cried the Laird. "Make a note of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S name for the Hero Fund."

"Hurroo!" I shouted, carried away by this prompt tribute to bravery. The Laird's genial eye settled upon me. "And two Free Libraries for the Scotland division of Liverpool," he added. "They'd better throw books than bottles there."

Our Foreign Correspondents.

Two examples of the business letter from abroad, showing the commercial mind at work:—

(1) From Japan:—

"Now, There have been established so many Shops, selling Ham and Bacon from Japan in the City. But very sorry to speak, some of them are supplying with bad Ham which is a dishonor to a good one."

(2) From Malta:—

"When addressing our argument, we humbly mean to signify through (ourselves), the consistence of a latent reflection on the various phases of the virulent epochs of commerce, where our long experience and our moderate skill, have methodically followed the strange fluctuations, and brought out practically a conclusive end, firmly keeping meanwhile on practice, the firm's name old standard within the limits of honour, in the intricate hints of life."

"Lady Astyl is certainly much loved in the village," Chaloner agreed, a little stiffly, wherat Saydie—mentally, so to speak—made a face."—"Morning Leader" feuilleton.

After all it is absurd only to talk about the mind's eye.



SCALPS ON THE GREEN.

SIR EDWARD CARSON ("Big Word," the Ulster Brave). "TIME TO BEGIN THE WAR DANCE! I CAN HEAR THE TRAMP OF THE ENEMY TWO YEARS AWAY."

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THE PREMISES OF THE JUNIOR SANDOWN CLUB BEING CLOSED FOR THE ANNUAL CLEANING, THE MEMBERS ARE RECEIVED AS GUESTS AT THE MEGATHERIUM.

BORROWED NAMES.

LETTERS from various well-known writers in reply to the request of a novelist that they should consent to the use of their names among his *dramatis persone* have recently appeared in *The Daily Chronicle*. We are glad to be able to supplement the list with a few more characteristic answers from living luminaries.

Thus Mr. HENRY JAMES, invited to accept the rôle of a dog-fancier, sent the following luminous reply:—

"Much as I should, in ordinary circumstances, and in view of a natural if somewhat detached predilection in favour of poodles, appreciate my identification with one who, presumably, cannot be supposed to be wholly inimical to that attractive if strangely caparisoned sub-species, I must, I fear, though even at the cost of a misunderstanding which I greatly deplore, deprecate the honour which you so frankly and beautifully propose to confer on a novelist who, strange as it may seem in an age when the *rapprochement* between men and animals has been so markedly and insistently developed, has never, to his

own regret and the surprise of those of his friends who are more or less—and especially those who are more—addicted to sport, kept a dog."

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has written from Villa Cinq-Villes, Paris, as follows:—

"I should have no objection to your using my name as that of a hatter if it were not for the fact that on page 597 of my forthcoming novel, *Matilda Moreways*, I announce my intention of devoting the next volume but fourteen of my Novel-cycle to a history of the boyhood of *Matilda's* fourth son, *Joseph*, who by a curious coincidence is apprenticed to a hatter. In the circumstances I must beg that you will abstain from associating my name with the calling in question, though I have no objection to your affixing it to, say, an operatic tenor or an American oil king."

Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY has kindly consented to the use of his name as Lord-Lieutenant of Leicestershire. He writes:—

"Though my democratic views naturally incline me to a critical attitude towards the country gentry, I readily admit their great qualities—

their laconic reticence, their stoicism, and the grace and dignity of their deportment even when wearing old clothes. If, therefore, I am to appear in the guise of a county magnate, I beg you will be careful to invest me with attributes consonant with that position. A Lord-Lieutenant should be scrupulously well-groomed, a good shot, and show a serene indifference to the criticisms of Labour leaders. Above all he must have a dog with a Christian name."

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE has wired from H's Majesty's Theatre to say that he has no scruples about appearing in a work of fiction as a distinguished actor.

Commercial Candour.

"Send 1s. 6d. for a small Box of Buttons and Trimmings. A useful lot. Money lost on every Parcel."—*From a Circular.*

"To a vessel were conveyed a couple of loads of timber for transit to Belfast. A responsible official refused to accept the consignment and ordered the drivers to take it back. The timber merchants who sent the stuff were equally determined in their attitude, and absolutely declined to have it despatched."

Daily Telegraph.

Then why worry?

SOLDIERS ALL.

[Being an extract from that popular music-hall sketch "The Fighting Carson."]

[The scene is an open place before one of the walled cities on the way to Cork. The new Ulster Constitution is in being, the salaried positions have been distributed, and the Great March from Belfast to Cork has begun. Enter President Carson followed by Field-Marshal J. B. Lonsdale, Archbishop Craig, Lord Chief Justice Moore, and the rest of the indomitable Orange Army.

Field-Marshal Lonsdale (to his troops). Now then, fall in there, please. Knickerbockers one pace to the front. Trousers one pace back. That looks much better. Private Tomkins, I don't think you will want your macintosh; the weather seems to be holding up. Gentlemen, the President will now address you on the eve of battle.

President Carson. Gentlemen of the jury—

A Voice. Ass, we're soldiers.

President Carson. My error; what I meant to say was this:

[He draws his umbrella and holds it sternly above his head.

O! co more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;

Or close the walls up with our Ulster dead!

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man

As (say) a tidy practice at the Bar—

Confusing issues, making black look white,

And bullying a witness in the box;

But when the blast of war blows in our ears

Then imitate the action of the orange,

Puff out the cheeks with apoplectic rage

Well paragraphed and nicely advertised.

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect—

Like this; and let the overhanging brow

Bulging with brains (as noticed by *The Post*)

Give it an air of deadly resolution.

And now, ye noblest of the Irish race,

Whose blood is come from fathers proved in words,

Fathers that like so many Edward Carsons

Have in these parts from morn till even talked

Nor ever failed for lack of argument—

Gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Speaker,

My lords and gentlemen, your ludship, Sir,

The game's afoot! Courage, brave hearts, and take

A sip of water, clear your throats and cry,

Ulster and Carson, Keeper of the Faith!

[Alarums. Excursions. Private Tomkins breaks his spectacles.

Field-Marshal Lonsdale. Well, gentlemen, you've heard the inspiring address of the President, and it only remains to put the question to the vote.

Archbishop Craig. This is not a parish meeting, idiot, it's a forced march.

F.-M. Lonsdale. Tut, tut, so it is. Well, anyhow, has anybody else got anything to say before we resume our march?

A Soldier. Yes. How far is it to Cork?

F.-M. Lonsdale. That we shall ascertain, I hope, at the next sign-post. But it can't be very far now.

The Soldier. Oh, well, I thought I'd ask because I've got a man coming to lunch on Thursday.

Another Soldier. How long are we going to stay in Cork?

Archbishop Craig (grimly). Who knows? We may never come back!

The Soldier. Then all I can say is I wish I'd brought another clean collar. I've only got two, and one of them isn't so very—

F.-M. Lonsdale. Silence in the ranks. The President wishes to address you again.

President Carson. Methought I heard an inner voice cry "Treason!"

Carson hath uttered treason!" "Carson" and "treason"—

Who but a fool could put such words together?

When have I been disloyal to my King?

I fight his Army, yes—but not the King;

I fight his Navy, yes—but not the King;

I take up arms against his Government,

But that is not to fight against the King;

When have I hurt the person of the King,

I who have taken oath to serve the King?

Lord Chief Justice Moore. I will make a note of your point, President. Believe me, I quite appreciate it. Of course the position is really this. Ulster will not submit to the Irish Parliament, therefore it cannot be governed by the Irish Parliament. But it must be governed somehow, therefore it is the duty of every loyal and patriotic Irishman to establish an Ulster Parliament. Now a Parliament formed by loyal and patriotic Irishmen must be a loyal and patriotic Parliament, from which it follows that any Government which differs from it is *ipso facto* disloyal and unpatriotic. Hence the King's Government at Westminster is disloyal and unpatriotic, and therefore in resisting it by force we are only doing our duty as loyal and patriotic Irishmen. That, I take it, is the situation in brief?

A Soldier. I don't want to interrupt, but the situation can be put much more briefly than that. It's simply this. Some silly ass has forgotten the ginger ale!

TABLEAU.

A. A. M.

"GUARDSMAN" (D.O.D.)

DIED Of Distemper! Dread decree of doom—

Or, otherwise expressed, "unkindest cut"—

To blight a beagle puppy in his bloom,

And glory's portal in his face to shut.

He took a "first" in the unentered class;

The pride and pick of all the pack was he;

Renown lay spread before him, when, alas!

He d.o.d.

Plumb straight was Guardsman, splendidly ribbed up,

Plenty of heart room, finely carried stern,

Wonderful bone, a real good-looking pup,

Brimful of character, and quick to learn.

On matters of his pedigree and pace

Verbose and fluent were we apt to be;

Perhaps we swanked too much—in any case

He d.o.d.

If in his next world hares are ever found,

If Mercury, the flier, hunts a pack,

If minor deities behind him pound,

With panting goddesses, still further back,

Through asphodel will Guardsman show his worth,

Hunting a line down some Olympian lea

And give the field good sport—but here on earth

He d.o.d.

The *Eastern Daily Press* of Sept. 20th remarks *à propos* of the railway strike in Ireland:

"Up to last night no mails had reached Birr for forty years."

And we complain if they're a week late. "Wait till you come to forty year!" as THACKERAY said.

THE ROYAL MUSICAL COMMISSION.

STARTLING EVIDENCE.

THE Royal Musical Commission held its thirty-first sitting on Saturday last. The Commissioners present were Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE (Chairman), Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, Madame CLARA BUTT and Mr. ALGERNON ASHION.

Mr. HENRY BIRD, the first witness, declared that he had no animus against foreigners, or indeed against anyone. He had accompanied songs written by composers of every European nationality with equal zeal, and he might be allowed to add that he was very partial to Charlotte Russe, Neapolitan ices and French beans. But he could not help feeling gravely disquieted by the announcement that forty geese were to be employed in the forthcoming production of HUMPERDINCK's *Königskinder*, in view of the widely-current belief that they were to be imported from Strasbourg. Gastronomically considered, he was quite prepared to admit the excellence of Strasbourg geese, but he was convinced that the English variety was fully equal to the needs of the situation alike in histrionic aptitude, stage presence and intensity of sibilation.

Signor Annibale Spaghetti, the President of the Amalgamated Society of Savoyard Piano-organists, described the circumstances which had led to the sympathetic strike declared by his union during the recent railway troubles. It was due, he said, to the friendly attitude of Sir EDWARD GREY to the Young Turks, which, in view of the troubles in Tripoli, constituted a deliberate challenge to the important community settled in Saffron Hill. The music-famine in the East-end had, he admitted, been attended with painful results, and street-dancing had almost come to a stand-still; but they had no option in the matter. During the strike his men had subsisted almost entirely on the flesh of their monkeys. (Sensation.)

Mr. Max Bamberger, who wore a kilt and was attended by his wife and his two twin sons, Wolfgang Bartholdy and Johann Sebastian Bamberger, said that his Scotch nationality had won for him respect in all quarters of the globe. When he was kidnapped by terrorists at Odessa, a few words in Gaelic and the slogan of the Clan Bamberger had reduced his savage captors to coma. Personally he was strongly in favour of free trade in music, and he knew that his father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, shared his views. If Russians were



The Professor. "NOW LET ME SEE. WAS MY WIFE WITH ME WHEN I STARTED, OR WASN'T SHE?"
[The position of lady in question is indicated by a X.]

boycotted in England, he would be unable to carry the banner of England into Patagonia, Waziristan, Nova Zembla and elsewhere with the same freedom that he had hitherto enjoyed, and this, from the point of view of the Press, would be little short of a national calamity.

Mrs. Bamberger briefly endorsed her husband's views; and Messrs. Wolfgang Bartholdy and Johann Sebastian Bamberger indicated their approval in a spirited unison fantasia in the whole-tone scale.

Sir Pompey Boldero, who next appeared, said that he was the father of Mrs. Bamberger and the father-in-law of Mr. Bamberger. It was also true that he was the grandfather of the

two last witnesses. It was a great privilege, and the consciousness of it had supported him during the recent unrest. At this point Sir Pompey was overcome by emotion and was assisted from the room by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Madame CLARA BUTT. The Commission adjourned for a fortnight to enable Sir Pompey to recover fully before continuing his evidence on the subject of the recognition of international musical unions.

Commercial Candour.

"During Franjee's Sale no one should lose time to procure their requirements for Xmas and New Year Presents for friends at Home and here, as this time the Sale will be a *bona fide* one."—Advt. in "Madras Mail."

THE BREAKING POINT.

I AM not of the tribe of those
Who maim the solemn rites of golf
By publishing abroad their woes
When things do not, as they suppose,
Come rightly off;

Who, careless what the cause may be,
Give every care an instant voice
With terms suspiciously like D—,
Or, if there's something still more free,
Use that, for choice.

For me, whate'er of sorrows come,
I seldom seem to care a fig;
The blows wherewith they make things
hum
I bear with placid *otium*,
And equal *dignitas*.

If I should leave the narrow "line,"
Or fizzle wheresoe'er I go,
I think, no doubt, the fault was mine,
(A soothing thing) and I decline
To care a blow.

And, when some fair and dazzling shot
Lands in a hazard's horrid grip,
Misfortune is the common lot,
I recollect, and I do not
Let myself rip.

And thus, secure from verbal lapse,
I hold in check my secret bile,
And wear upon my frosty chaps
A smile—it is not much, perhaps,
But still, a smile.

But, when at length I reach the goal
And, wearing still my stoic mask,
Have nought before me but to roll
The ball into a yawning hole
(An infant's task),

And when, for some unfathomed cause,
That callous ball disdains the tin,
Goes here, goes there, or dares to pause
(Ah piteous!) on its very jaws,
But won't go in,

There comes upon me such a sense
Of being doomed—a thing accurst—
Of mystery, of impotence,
That I, in very self-defence,
Must speak, or burst.

Ah yes. The harmless "pooh" or "tut"
Suffice me, nine times out of ten,
Through evil chance or error—but
If once I'm fairly off my putt,
You hear me then.

DUM-DUM.

"Ealing is to have another All-British Shopping Week this year. In cases where the All-British article is dearer than the foreign article it is suggested that a special discount be allowed to the public, thus making the cost of the two articles the same."—*Evening News*.

Why did no one think of this before?
It seems so simple.

THE SUK-SUK.

"MOIRA," I said, "the Garden Suburb is full of young wives; it is full of sweetly pretty EDWARD-VII.-style bijou cottage maisonnettes; it is full of husbands as affectionate as I am; but I decline to believe that the ladies whom I encounter drifting about in djibbas ever touch a brush or a dust-pan, or that their abodes are so uninhabitably speckless as ours. Therefore I propose—"

"I know what you propose." Moira put down the dust-pan and sat on the landing stairs. "You propose that we should keep a second servant. Well, it is a peculiarity of Garden Suburb bijou Edwardian maisonnettes that the kitchen premises accommodate one servant only. If we had two, they would have to stand on each other's shoulders: the lower one to cook, the upper one to polish the silver. When you can find a pair of unimpeachably respectable female acrobats anxious to abandon the glamour of the stage—"

"My dear, you are too hasty!" I sat down beside her, upsetting the dust-pan through the banisters into the lobby.

"Impulsiveness has always been my failing, hasn't it?" She peered mournfully after the dust-pan. "Yes, thanks, Mary" (to the servant below), "you'd better sweep up the pieces of that electric-light bulb. A caller might tread on them. Yes, dear?" (to me). "You were proposing that—?"

"That we should introduce some science into our house instead of this wearisome and unpractical hand-work. As SHAW says, 'The human hand is a clumsy tool.' No doubt some manual cleansing is unavoidable; but surely this meticulous attention to the carpets and the stairs might be done away with if we employed a Suk-Suk."

"A what?"

"A Suk-Suk. It's a new kind of vacuum cleaner."

"Too expensive for us."

"Hasty again!" I reproved her. "Its price is one guinea."

"Then it's no use."

"That remains to be discovered. I have bought a Suk-Suk. The errand-boy is at this moment delivering our Suk-Suk at the door. I knew that unless I forced labour-saving methods on you it would be futile to plead for them. Yes, here it is. (Thank you, Mary. Yes, you can put the parcel down there.) Now we shall see whether science cannot lighten your tasks." I proceeded to unwrap the Suk-Suk.

It emerged from its swathings, a spidery instrument with a long metal

neck sprouting from a frog-like pair of bellows actuated by a sort of winch. "Charming, isn't it?" I said. "It is a French invention, and just as good as our most costly English things. The French housewife is so practical. Here are the directions."

The leaflet of polyglot instructions for the use of the Suk-Suk was adorned by a coloured picture of an aproned housewife propelling the machine, with languid grace, across a vast interior. The carpet was black, except in the wake of the Suk-Suk. Amazing Suk-Suk! Wherever it had browsed it revealed that the carpet (you'd never have guessed it) was, beneath its grime, a gorgeous cross between Axminster and Persian, with a dash of croquet-lawn as groundwork.

"That," I said, pointing to the picture, "is how the Suk-Suk works. That is what our carpets will look like in future."

"Let us hope not." Moira was dubious.

"Ten minutes' run round the house of a morning with the Suk-Suk, and you'll be able to go a-drifting in djibbas with the best of 'em," I added proudly.

"Let us try it," said Moira.

I placed the Suk-Suk in position, ground the winch, and directed the mouth (it had a curious uncanny mouth—a sort of grin of a mouth—rather a sardonic grin, from certain aspects) at the carpet . . .

The carpet didn't, somehow, look so very different. No pattern emerged in the path of the sardonic grin. However, to expect anything else was absurd, unless the Suk-Suk nibbled off the whole pile and uncovered the foundation below; for the carpet was a plain felt.

"Is it really gathering up the dust?" asked Moira. "I don't see much alteration."

"Microscopic particles are whirling down its rapacious maw in millions," I explained; "'It Gulps Grime,' the advertisement says."

"Not in my house!" (Moira is so literal.)

"You cannot see the vanishing dust, of course. But when we open this box at the bottom we shall find how searching is the vacuum method of cleaning."

I worked for a while. "Now we shall see what we shall see." I opened the box.

But the box was empty. No swathes of dust lay within, no nauseating mats of cobwebs.

"Odd! I suppose I wasn't grinding hard enough. No, I have it! You've already cleaned this part, Moira. Why didn't you say so?" I mopped my



Jeep! Thief (mistaking his taxi). "WAY YE GO, JIM, HAED!"

Chauffeur (with his mouth full, deliberately). "WELL . . . I WAS JUST GETTIN' MY BIT O' DINNER. . . ."

brow indignantly. "Look here—I must be off in a minute to my study; I've an article to write. But before I go I'll just show you, experimentally—"

I took a letter from my pocket, tore it into small fragments, and scattered them on the floor. "Now watch!"

Madly I ground the winch and pushed the sardonic grin across the floor over the papers.

Queer; they didn't budge.

I ground harder and harder, and pressed the sardonic grin tightly down. "Mustn't let the air run in from the side," I panted.

But the bits of paper only glued themselves more obstinately to the floor.

"It's a splendid invention," remarked Moira, "for flattening carpets. Ours never *would* lie quite flat. If you will go through every room, Ralph, ironing down the carpets with the Suk-Suk—"

"Moira"—I dropped the handle of the winch and allowed the sardonic grin to subside at my feet—"don't be funny. That fool of an ironmonger has sent a broken Suk-Suk. I'll return it and get another. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile I shall pick up the bits of paper while you go and compose an angry letter to the shopman. By-the-by, did you test the Suk-Suk before you bought it?"

"Test it? How could I test it in a shop? I'd have looked silly, shouldn't I, grinding away at this winch, in a shopful of women?"

"That's what I looked—silly, but oh, so practical!"

"How do you mean?"

"Dear old boy, do you think that when a guinea vacuum cleaner was advertised, I missed it? I positively ran to the ironmonger's, and made a perfect fright of myself, testing every Suk-Suk in the place, in the frantic hope of finding one that would work. The whole shop was full of women (dijibba women, too!) eager to try them. We fought with each other for them—and then, having tried every single one, returned home sadly to our brooms and dust-pans. Last time I was in the shop I was told that the whole stock of Suk-Suks had been returned to the makers. 'A French toy,' the shopman

called them. 'We've returned all but one, which was shop-soiled,' he said. 'How we'll get rid of it, I don't know.'"

I looked at Moira. Then I looked at the Suk-Suk. "Yes," said Moira, "that's the one. You've bought it. I recognise it."

"They'll have to take it back!" I frowned fiercely.

"Oh, they'll take it back, if I ask them very nicely. They know me; and I'll explain that it was only my husband who bought it, and that, being a man, every allowance—"

This is where the end comes—in the story.

Darwin Vindicated.

"To Mr. and Mrs. — a daughter (*née* Woolley)."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"Mr. Lloyd George was seen yesterday to walk to the Treasury unrecognised."—*South Wales Echo*.

Perhaps it wasn't Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

"A motor mishap of an alarming nature occurred at Killiecrankie through the skidding of a car from Alloa."—*Greenock Telegraph*. This must be the longest slide on record.



Gallant C.O. (returning to Scouts' Camp). "Now, THEN, I WON'T HAVE THIS TALKING GOING ON; IF IT DOESN'T STOP AT ONCE I SHALL HAVE YOU BOYS PUT IN THE GUARD TENT."

Small Voice (after long pause). "Please, Sir, this is the guard tent."

THE BLACK PERIL.

[*"African chief desires his two sons to be educated in England under home-like, wholesome conditions."*—*Advt. in morning paper.*]

"DEAREST IVY,—The two sons of King M'Bhumpo arrived to-day. It is awkward, especially as Mamma has always thought such a lot of birth and position, but they pay extravagantly, and Papa has been nearly ruined by the last Budget. They are coal-black, with wide staring eyes and large lips and feet.

They are called Sloko and Shanti. Their manners at dinner were quite foreign. Sloko threw chicken bones over his head and hit Benson behind

him, and Shanti asked Papa how many wives he had. They thought the mutton was bulldog.

The use of the bathroom was explained to them, and they each had a bath in the morning, and screamed all the time. They declare they cannot sleep another night under a roof, and have built a wigwam in the garden and lit a fire beside it. The dogs were frantic, and the gardener has given notice. In the evening the vicarage people dined with us; Mamma thought it would be a good influence for heathen boys. Shanti played the tomtom very loud, and Sloko explained to Miss Montgomery, the Vicar's daughter, that

he had a complete history of his country tattooed on his back, and would be very pleased to show it to us.

Next day—hunting. Sloko killed the carriage dog, and Shanti speared a swan and two of the ducks. We were not in time to stop them, as they shout very loud when excited, and cannot hear. After lunch they offered to perform their war dance and song in the drawing-room, but, as Mamma is dreadfully particular about the furniture, Papa told them we could not think of trespassing on their generosity. Sloko is a captain in his father's army; he says he had to take an oath to kill two white men before he is twenty-one. He hasn't killed anybody yet.

National Day of Lamentation in M'Bhumpoland, so it appears. Shanti sacrificed a hen in the garden; both stayed for hours in their bed-rooms and moaned a good deal. Mamma sent up Benson with a Church Catechism, but they took no notice. At last Papa gave them enough opium to poison several men, and they went to sleep till next morning.

Sloko very ill. Refused to see a doctor—he says he wants an African medicine man. Shanti beat a tom-tom in his room and closed the windows and chimney to keep out devils. Papa feared the sleeping sickness, but Benson says it is only the effects of having taken a bath. Sloko recovered by dinner-time, and proposed to me afterwards, also to Miss Montgomery. Papa feels depressed about his efforts to train them in the customs of English gentlemen.

Sloko showed signs of insanity next day; Shanti says it is hereditary in their tribe. Papa cabled to King M'Bhumpo to remove them.

Shanti has caught insanity. He has turned so pale that we are afraid Sloko may mistake him for a white man and kill him.

Papa thought it better not to wait for the King's reply, and has had them removed. We feel more comfortable now. We shall not be taking any more African princes just at present.

Yours, GLADYS.

The Red Indian.

"Mrs. — a charming face, with soft, drooping curls, is alive with the picturesque stripes and colours of a Romany shawl."

Liverpool Courier.

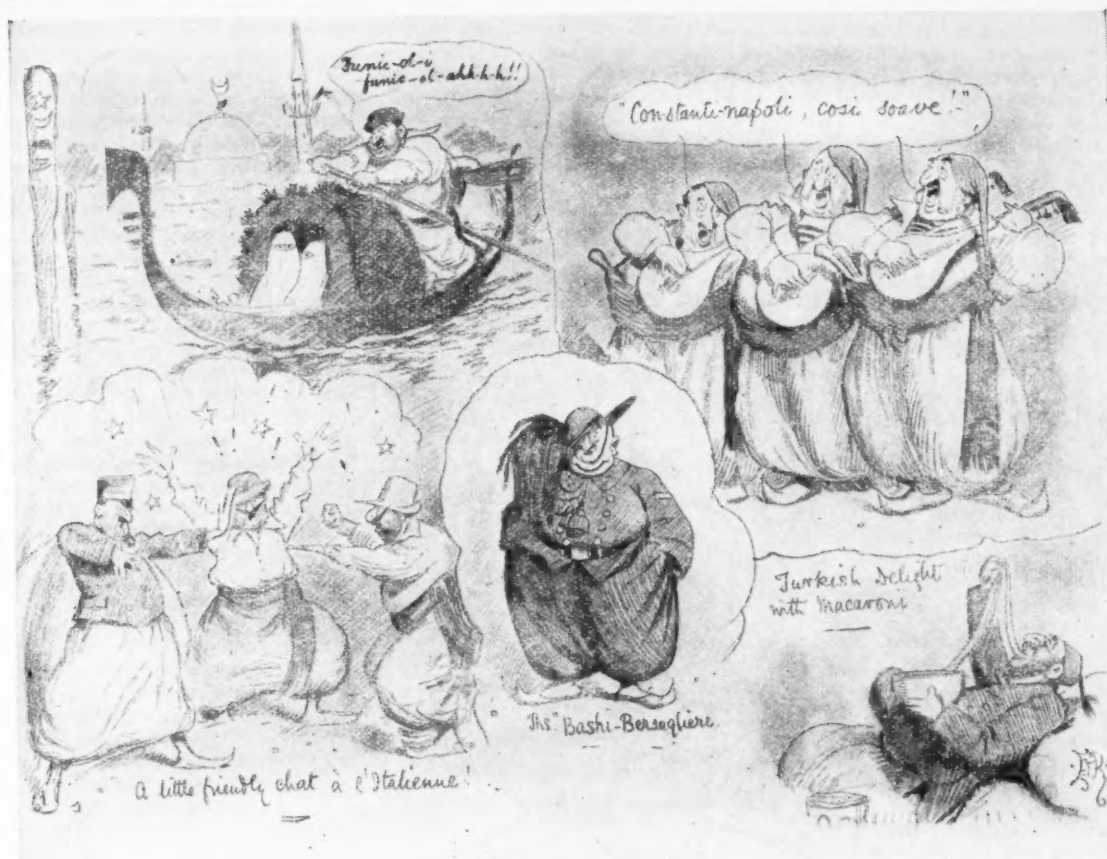
"All the prisoners of the Jail are Gonds, that is aborigines (*sic*) and the remaining ones are illiterate." A gentleman who spells aborigines in this original fashion is obviously an authority on illiteracy."—*Statesman.*

And a gentleman who comments on a gentleman who spells aborigines in this obvious fashion is certainly an authority on stumers.



THE SHOCKER SHOCKED.

GERMANY (*pained at Italy's behaviour*). "WHAT MANNERS! I CAN'T THINK WHERE MY YOUNG FRIEND PICKED 'EM UP!"



IF TURKEY BECAME ITALIAN!

(Our artist is perfectly capable of persuading himself that he can soothe the feelings of anyone who feels the above drawing to be somewhat unkind by showing, another week, the effect of a Turkish occupation of Italy.)

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MARIONETTES."

I WROTE a fortnight ago of a perplexed husband at Wyndham's. His wife, you may remember, had threatened to leave him, but his sister, *Mrs. Margell*, thought of a plan. "It was," I explained, "quite a simple plan—the dear old one, in fact, which gets another woman into the house in order to make the wife jealous. *Mrs. Margell* was, no doubt, a great playgoer, and had seen this plan working successfully on the stage hundreds of times; so she had confidence in recommending it."

That was only a fortnight ago. To have seen the same plan working again at The Comedy would have been too much; I don't know how one could have dealt with it. Luckily *M. PIERRE WOLFF* has hit upon an entirely different plot. In *The Marionettes* it is the woman who flirts with another man in order to make the

husband jealous! You would never have thought of this.

Well, that finishes it. I don't see what variations are left to the playwright now, unless of course he persuades the children to kiss the nurse in order to make the mother jealous. Yes, I have been hasty; there is still that to come. In the meanwhile we must content ourselves with what we can get at The Comedy. Anyhow we get *SIR JOHN HARE* and *MISS MARIE LÖHR*. It is *MISS LÖHR* who makes her husband (*MR. ARTHUR WONTNER*) jealous; but you mustn't think that *SIR JOHN* is left out in the cold. As a young man he had written a love-letter to himself in order to make his wife jealous—with, I need hardly say, the usual success.

His niece is stimulated by the relation of this episode, but I fancy she must also have been a little piqued to find that, after all, her plan was not an original one. By the way, this uncle, *M. de Ferney*, is a very old man. It

is just possible that in him we have discovered the first and only begetter of the Great Idea, seeing that he was working it fifty years ago.

The acting was excellent. It was delightful to have *SIR JOHN HARE* back again and in a character so perfectly suited to him. *MISS LÖHR*, as charming as ever, had to play something more emotional than the light comedy parts to which she has been accustomed lately, but she was fully equal to it. *MR. ARTHUR WONTNER* was a little angular but very much in earnest as the husband, and *MR. C. M. LOWNE* helped the play along enormously with much happy conversation. It was always a pleasure to see his head come in at the door; if he had only looked in for his music he could still be relied upon for a chat. M.

"BONITA."

A "Prologue," very tragic for a "comic opera," but otherwise superfluous, shows us the death of an English

officer on a small Portuguese battle-field in the dark (1810), his native wife being in attendance. Subsequently (present day) the great-grandson of this officer, and the great-granddaughter of the officer's wife (why this invidious distinction is made in their parentage it is not for me to conjecture) meet in exceptional circumstances. Exceptional, because it is contrary to habit for the heir to an English title to run over to Portugal for the purpose of unearthing a possible claimant to that title. However, I do not quarrel with this design, nor with his arrival at a little Portuguese fishing village in full military uniform, accompanied by part of a squadron of British troopers, and a slight American accent. These things happen in comic opera, or, rather in musical comedy. What I do complain of, and bitterly, is that he and his Lancers should be dressed in the crudest vermillion, to the great detriment of a very charming colour-scheme. For I could not desire a more attractive scene than this of the sunny village by the quay, with its climbing street (practicable throughout), its garrulous folk in their picturesque dresses (the women swaying nicely from the hips), and its pleasant harmonies of local colour. And then came the vermillion Lancers, terribly British, and made everything silly and *banal*. Up to this point the play had gone gaily and with the right air of whimsical frivolity. Even the settled gloom of *Bonita's* rejected lover—you can picture Mr. CHARLES MAUDE looking exactly like himself, and singing, with a touch of the Portuguese method in his enunciation—

"She is fair

Beyond-a compare"—

was a source of general merriment; but the arrival of the vermillion Lancers changed everything. If only the tenor-hero (Mr. WHEATLEY) could have worked himself into the spirit of the scene I might have forgiven him his uniform. But with his stout figure and his stodgy personality he might have stepped clean out of second-class "Grand" Opera. He gave the atmosphere no chance. How *Bonita* preferred him to the slim and agile gentleman who played the *soi-disant* villain I cannot imagine. It is true that, on the first appearance of the hero, she

sang what I understood to be a song of farewell; but this must have been a mistake on her part, for she really loved him at sight with all the fervour of a life-long devotion.

Over the second scene—laid in a cloister, very formal in the regularity of its ruins—the shadow of the Lancer still lay, though he troubled the stage very little with his actual presence. It was vain to hope that the ordeal of St. Antony would fail to consign *Bonita* to the arms of that unsympathetic lover. Indeed, the interest rather lay with the minor characters, of whom



OPEN-AIR LIFE IN A PORTUGUESE VILLAGE.

A Typical Dancing Floor.

<i>Bonita</i>	MISS CLARA EVELYN.
Lieut. Mannerton	MR. WHEATLEY.

the well-named *Perpetua*, a venerable and importunate virgin, always at hand on the off-chance of catching *Frederico* in a mood of self-committal, gave Miss EDITH CLEGG a chance of showing a nice gift of quiet humour.

Miss CLARA EVELYN, in the title rôle, sang gracefully, but her dancing seemed rather meaningless and artificial, hampered as it was by the perilous slope of the stage, and the necessity (so restricted was the area of the quay-side) of including the top of the sea-wall in the scope of her operations. I could tell at once that the Portuguese style of dancing is not seen at its best on the top of a sea-wall.

Mr. VOLPÉ was rotund in his mirth, and Mr. MARK LESTER had his droll

moments, though the sneezing-fit that crowned them did not perhaps offer the very freshest material. Finally, if sinuous gestures and a most intelligent energy could have done it, Mr. MACKINDER as *Frederico* would have snatched a triumph for the piece.

Mr. FRASER-SIMSON'S music was pleasantly fluent, and Mr. WADHAM PEACOCK'S lyrics, of which from time to time I caught a phrase or two, seemed passable, if not up to the standard of Mr. ADRIAN ROSS. The house, on the second night, was friendly in patches, one very loyal patch being contingent to my own stall. I should be sorry to predict failure for an opera that shows at least some novelty of idea in a very pretty setting. Besides, it takes a lot to make any comic opera fail. But I do not think it will set either the Thames or the Tagus on fire.

Yet there must be something more in it than catches the eye, or why, you may well ask, should Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER have done it the compliment of "producing" it? At present the mystery lies unsolved. Can he conceivably have an interest in the Booth Steamship Company, Limited, which "kindly lent" the pictures in the foyer, illustrative of the beauty-spots of Portugal and the best sea route for getting at them?

"RIP VAN WINKLE."

The worst of modifying an old theme on the stage is that it lets loose the pedantry of the critics. Personally I think that, while he was about it, Mr. AUSTIN STRONG might have seized the chance of a

satire on modern developments in England. But, if he has succeeded in transmuting baser metal into gold of even ten carats only, it is a graceless task to remind him that he has been tampering with the original.

Like many other playwrights he has made the mistake of spreading himself at the start as if he had all eternity before him; lavishing on his First Act a wealth of detail out of all relation to its value as a contribution to the main issue. For result, by the time he reaches his climax he runs the risk of exhausting himself, or his audience, or both. Certainly I was a little disappointed over the reunion (loudly eulogised in the Press) between *Rip* and *Minna*. Miss WINIFRED EMERY

had been extraordinarily good just before in her passage of reminiscence; but somehow—well, perhaps Mr. CYRIL MAUDE's make-up was too repulsively venerable (after all, he need only have been about seventy), and one felt that the fact of his not having had a bath for fifty years must have mitigated the loyalty of the most devoted of lovers.

For the rest, one's interest, on the ethical side, was perhaps not too closely arrested, but one's ordinary senses, like *Rip's*, were kept on the alert. He had all five of them on the stage at once dancing gracefully in gauzy draperies to the designs of Miss INA PELLY, and one never knew but what at any moment the most appalling of bogies might emerge from behind a Kaatskill rock.

The episode of the copper-bowl, whose furbishing was to be the test of *Rip's* reformation, was a pleasant piece of symbolism; but I confess that, apart from the moral significance of his effort, I wish that he had let the thing alone, for I greatly preferred the look of it in its original state.

Mr. MAUDE, both in youth and old, was admirable, and proved once more that, like SHAKESPEARE, he is not for any particular age, but for the whole gamut of them. The minor characters were all efficient, and the children charming, especially one pert little prodigy. Perhaps they had been a little over-drilled; for their movements were rather too uniform for spontaneity.

Mr. JOHN HARWOOD, as the two *Dobbies*, grandson and grandfather, both patrons of the gentle art, played with great naturalness. Following so close upon a similar attraction in *Pomander Walk*, it looks as if this item—a fisherman, always on the stage and never getting a bite—was to be a permanent feature at *The Playhouse*. I hope so, for indeed it is always a moving spectacle.

I must not conclude without mentioning the dog *Schneider*. The meeting between him and the young *Rip* was among the most pathetic incidents of the play. It was for this beloved sheepdog that *Rip's* first enquiries were made on returning from prison. Yet *Schneider* received the news of his master's home-coming with something worse than indifference. His nose recoiled with apparent repugnance from *Rip's* embraces, and he scooted off at top speed the very moment he was released.

Subsequently we were given to understand that *Rip* had mislaid *Schneider* in the course of his pilgrimage into the hills; but the cold fact is that the dog couldn't be induced even to start with him. O. S.



"YE DIDNA STOP AT THE CUKLER'S ARMS THE LAST TIME YE CAM' UP FOR THE FUSHIN', SIR!"

"QUITE RIGHT; BUT WHAT MAKES YOU SO CERTAIN?"

"BECAUSE YER GAUN THERE THIS TIME."

ANOTHER OF MUSIC'S CHARMS.

[Singing, it is said, prevents *emboupoint*. Our experience of *prime donne* leads us to doubt this; but let it pass.]

Long had I laboured to combat obesity,
Striven to gain the physique of a
sprite,

Run every morning from Peckham to
the City,

Skipped in the garden for most of
the night,

Lunched every noon off a bun or a
banbury,

Dined off the merest suspicion of
sole,

Shunned all the products of TRUMAN
AND HANBURY,

Keeping my appetite under control.

Spite of this very curtailed commis-
sariat,

Hateful alike to my palate and eyes,
Vainly I struggled to keep Little Mary
at

Even a fairly respectable size.

Wholly defiant of anti-fats (various),
Ever my girth grew the greater, until

Someone commended a tonic sol-fa-
rious,

And I proceeded to bawl with a will.

Now I give rein to my native voracity
And, as I dine off the fat of the land,

Joy that a kindly adviser's sagacity

Showed me how simply my bulk
could be banned.

Slender I am and so graceful and
willowy

That, down at Margate, when gazing
upon

My fairy form as it bathed in the
billowy,

People remarked, "What a beautiful
swan."

"The latter vessel reports having a hole forty
feet long across the bows—due to the impact of
stopping the engines. She was badly out by
the starboard propeller."—*The Statesman*.

"The latter vessel reports having encountered
a whale, forty feet long, across her bows. The
impact stopped the engines. The whale was
fearfully cut by the starboard propeller."

The Englishman.

Anyhow it was forty feet long. That's
the point.

CRAGWELL END.

PART I.

THERE'S nothing I know of to make you spend
A day of your life at Cragwell End.
It's a village quiet and grey and old,
A little village tucked into a fold
(A sort of valley, not over wide)
Of the hills that flank it on either side.
There's a large grey church with a square stone tower,
And a clock to mark you the passing hour
In a chime that shivers the village calm
With a few odd bits of the 100th psalm.
A red-brick Vicarage stands thereby,
Breathing comfort and lapped in ease,
With a row of elms thick-trunked and high,
And a bevy of rooks to caw in these.

'Tis there that the Revd. Salvyn Bent
(No tie could be neater or whiter than his tie)
Maintains the struggle against dissent,
An Oxford scholar *ex Adæ Christi*;
And there in his twenty-minute sermons
He makes mince-meat of the modern Germans,
Defying their *apparatus criticus*

Like a brave old Vicar,
A famous sticker
To Genesis, Exodus and Leviticus.
He enjoys himself like a hearty boy
Who finds his life for his needs the aptest;
But the poisoned drop in his cup of joy
Is the Revd. Joshua Fall, the Baptist,
An earnest man with a tongue that stings—
The Vicar calls him a child of schism—
Who has dared to utter some dreadful things
On the vices of sacerdotalism,

And the ruination
Of education
By the Church of England Catechism.

Set in a circle of oak and beech,
North of the village lies Cragwell Hall;
And stretching far as the eye can reach,
Over the slopes and beyond the fall
Of the hills so keeping their guard about it
That the north wind never may chill or flout it,
Through forests as dense as that of Arden,
With orchard and park and trim-kept garden,
And farms for pasture and farms for tillage,
The Hall maintains its rule of the village.

And in the Hall
Lived the lord of all,
Girt round with all that our hearts desire
Of leisure and wealth, the ancient Squire.
He was the purplest-faced old man
Since ever the Darville race began,
Pompous and purple-faced and proud;
With a portly girth and a voice so loud
You might have heard it a mile away
When he cheered the hounds on a hunting day.
He was hard on dissenters and such encroachers,
He was hard on sinners and hard on poachers;
He talked of his rights as one who knew
That the pick of the earth to him was due:
The right to this and the right to that,
To the humble look and the lifted hat;
The right to scold or evict a peasant,
The right to partridge and hare and pheasant;
The right to encourage discontent
By raising a hard-worked farmer's rent;

The manifest right to ride to hounds
Through his own or anyone else's grounds;
The right to eat of the best by day
And to snore the whole of the night away;
For his motto, as often he explained,
Was "A Darville holds what a Darville gained."
He tried to be just, but that may be
Small merit in one who has most things free;
And his neighbours averred,
When they heard the word,
"Old Darville's a just man, is he? Bust his
Gills, we could do without his justice!"

A NEW WAY WITH FOREIGNERS.

THE world is full of phrase-books in foreign tongues; but none says the right things and all demand pronunciations by the owner. What is wanted is a swift and efficient means of communication between traveller and waiter without the humiliation of distorting one's honest English mouth and debasing one's good English accent. After much thought we have invented a new medium, superseding both speech and the clumsiness of the phrase-book, namely, a series of inexpensive cardboard discs, which can be carried easily in the pocket or reticule, and may on occasion be reclaimed by the prudent and economical (or might indeed be thrown back at them with lightning speed), on which will be printed the controlling sentences of a foreign tour.

To print the whole series would be too considerable a task and would involve loss of profit to the inventors; but a few specimens may be given.

For ticket-inspectors on Continental trains:

I know I am in a first-class compartment with a second-class ticket, but there are no seats in the second-class and this compartment was empty. Still, if you will only stop talking and gesticulating and looking like the man who runs the guillotine, I will move quietly into the corridor and stand for the rest of the 500 miles.

Please hold up as many fingers as there are minutes to wait at this station.

For porters:

I want one porter, and one only, to carry these two small bags. To that porter I will give 50 centimes for each bag; and no more. Howsoever many men you allow to help you I shall pay only one.

For hotel managers:

I know that your hotel is absolutely free from mosquitoes; but please have mosquito curtains fixed to my bed.

For waiters:

We are very hungry and tired. Bring the wine at once, and some butter. We should like other things too; but bring the wine, even if the order strikes you as insane.

For a guide:

I do not want a guide.

For the same guide, two minutes later:

I still do not want a guide.

For the same guide, at intervals:

I do not want a guide.

For a barber:

I want almost nothing taken off; just the merest trim.

For the same barber at the end of the sitting:

I said I wanted only a mere trim. You have made me look like a billiard ball. You are an incapable.

From the specimens given it will be gathered that the traveller will not only simplify his daily life abroad but endear himself to all he meets.



Visitor (after looking for missing tennis-ball for half-an-hour). "OH, COME ON! LET'S PLAY WITH FIVE!"
 Daughter of the House. "HOW CAN WE? IT'S THE NEW ONE."

DANGEROUS LIVING.

WHEN wakeful Hebe brings me up
 My seeming harmless early cup,
 Science reminds me I've enjoyed
 A highly poisonous alkaloid
 Which slays the nerves with its abuses
 And plays the deuce with all one's
 juices.

The breakfast coffee I adore so
 Is just as fatal, only more so.
 The glass of lager, icy cool—
 Pray, who would touch it but a fool
 When in its amber depths one sees
 Gout, rheumatism, Bright's disease?
 Black whisky bottle, come not nigh
 To scare my apprehensive eye,
 For in thy dark recess reposes
 Grim liver trouble and cyrrhosis;
 In alcohol, whate'er its form,
 A million million perils swarm.
 But deadlier yet the rain-cloud's
 daughter,

The much-belauded fatal water:
 The monstrous regiment of germs
 In this clear death-trap sports and
 squirms;

Nay, even graver yet its faults:
 It holds such minerals and salts
 As fill your gall with chalk and rubble
 And start all kinds of kidney trouble.

Meat? Why, a man had better eat
 Henbane and aconite than meat.

It breeds a poison, well defined
 And of the most insidious kind;
 Nor can one well be too emphatic
 In stating that it's eezematic.

Cooked vegetables, as one knows,
 Are simply starch and cellulose,
 While salads and their like are rife
 With baneful microscopic life.

Nor is it with our food alone
 That we are in the danger zone.
 Suppose you like to lie in bed
 With breezes blowing round your head,
 Beware of chills! But if at night
 You fasten doors and windows tight
 You risk asphyxiation through
 Excess of deadly CO₂.

If, like a healthy man, you feel
 Disposed to take a good square meal,
 Your system will be incommoded
 And seriously overloaded.
 But if, again, you peck some toast
 You'll turn into a weakling ghost,
 And should a microbe come your way
 You fall at once an easy prey.

If, like a Spartan, you forbear
 From woolly warmth in underwear
 In hopes of growing tough and hard,
 Oh, pray, be always on your guard,
 And never let it be forgotten
 Pneumonia lurks in risky cotton.

The ordinary man is keen
 On keeping reasonably clean,
 But dangers lie along his path—
 Immense the perils of the bath.
 If in a chilly tub you plop,
 As like as not your heart will stop;
 While if, again, you fill the room
 With clouds of steam, you seal your
 doom:
 You undermine your circulation
 And slowly die of enervation.

If, to keep fit and well and strong,
 You labour bravely all day long,
 And if your toil you never shirk,
 Then you will die of overwork;
 While if, in fear of breaking down,
 You take a fortnight out of town,
 Who knows what consequences may
 Result from such a holiday?

To dry oneself with careful rub,
 To dress, still dripping from the tub,
 To aim at cheerful wit, to brood
 In pensive, melancholy mood,
 To bar tobacco, and to smoke
 Whene'er the spirit moves a bloke,
 To laugh, to weep, to yawn, to
 sneeze,

To wake, to slumber—each of these
 Means life, while also each of these is
 The cause of all our worst diseases.
 In short, a man can scarce be said
 To live in safety till he's dead.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SOMEONE once said to me about a novel by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, "I feel as if all the characters were my relations, and I didn't like them!" Without myself sharing this feeling, I can understand it rather better after reading *Hilda Lessways* (METHUEN). For a whole year I have been waiting for this book, chiefly to know why *Hilda*, having engaged herself to *Clayhanger*, almost immediately afterwards announced her marriage to *George Cannon*. And now that I do know all about it, and all about *Hilda*, and about her parents, and upbringing, and circumstances to the remotest particular I am aware somehow of a very slight feeling of disappointment. One thing I am sure of, that *Hilda Lessways*, as a book, is not such a good story as *Clayhanger*; though as a single character study it is as clever as anything that Mr. BENNETT, or for the matter of that any author I can remember, has yet done. For this very reason I suspect that it may prove a test of faith for his admirers; the devout (amongst whom I unhesitatingly enroll myself) will read every word with keen interest and enjoyment; the faint-hearted may incline to wish that a little more happened, or that *Hilda* were not quite so fond of examining her own emotions over apparently trivial events. The story I need not tell you. To readers of *Clayhanger* much of it is already known, and the one problem turns out after all to have a very simple solution. But to say that the book is worth reading is greatly to understate my own personal estimate of it; its minute and laborious analysis of one character must give *Hilda Lessways* a high place in the list of Mr. BENNETT's already amazing achievements.

Winnie Maxon's quarrel was with the world. The world says that if a man is neither unfaithful nor cruel to his wife it is the duty of the wife to stay with him. *Mrs. Maxon* protested against this theory. After a few years of married life she could stand that deadly prig, *Cyril Maxon*, no longer; so she left him. The story of her search for a real mate is told by Mr. ANTHONY HOPE in *Mrs. Maxon Protests* (METHUEN). Given his central character and his situations, Mr. HOPE can be trusted to get the most out of them—to tell his story, that is, in the best way. Where he fails in this book is in his inability to make real for us his central character. It

is difficult to believe in *Winnie*. She seems at first to be just the sort of fluffy shallow creature for whom the world's laws are made; afterwards she asks our sympathy as a suffering woman buffeted by the world unfairly; she claims our acquiescence in her special right to hold herself above the conventions. A woman like *Winnie*, with her curious readiness to love every man she meets, is the last person to support a Theory. Her pretty shoulders were never made for burdens of that kind. She may think she is protesting against the world, but in reality she is protesting against her own temperament. Her temperament makes an excellent story but a very poor case. If it were not that the atmosphere of the case hangs over it I would

congratulate Mr. HOPE unreservedly on his story. At the least, I can thank him for introducing me to the *Aiken-heads*; they, anyhow, are real enough.

Charms and the man I sing, or rather Mr. HAROLD VALLINGS does in *Enter Charmian* (SMITH, ELDER). *Charms* herself is all right. She deserves her pet-name. The difficulty is to find the man. As somebody in the book says, "She might, as far as one can see, be either *Lady O' Gormon*, *Mrs. Millington Brind*, *Mrs. D'Abernon of D'Abernon Monachorum*, or—yes, easily enough, if she gave her mind to it for a week—the *Honourable Mrs. Eustace Bere!*" Of the other permutations and combinations in this pleasant comedy-idyll of courtship and marriage I have, even after a second reading, rather a hazy idea. There are, I think, some eight engagements in the story, which, even though two of them are broken off, is a fair allowance

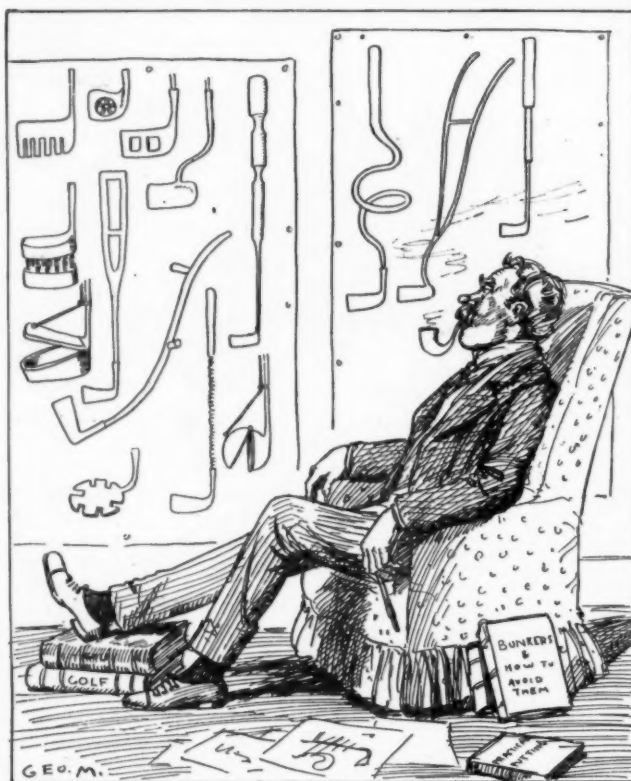
for a community of half-a-dozen families. And all in six months too. Still, the picture of the somewhat purposeless life which better-class people with fair incomes are apt to live in the depths of the country is well drawn, and the characters are distinct and lifelike. And, after all, Devonshire lanes were made for courting.

"Another Big Hit.
"Your Eyes Have Told Me So."

Song advertisement.

Tut, tut. Where was the Rev. Mr. MEYER?

"In the interests of sport the cinematograph should be excluded from the Ring," says a boxing writer. An expert tells us this is actually the custom under Queensberry rules, only the principals and the referee being allowed inside the ropes.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

X.—A GOLF PROFESSIONAL THINKING OUT NEW DESIGNS FOR CLUBS.